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P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

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[Price Six-Pence.]

P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.

NO 5 58

[Printed and Sold by]

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ON

Several Occasions.



BY

JAMES THOMSON.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite Catherine-Street
in the Strand. MDCCLX

P. O. E. M. S.

Several Occasions.

JAMES THOMSON.



LONDON.

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in the Strand. MDCCCL.



V E R S E S

Occasioned by the

Death of Mr. AIKMAN, a particular
Friend of the Author's.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Drag'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

ODE



O D E.

I.
TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While, under ev'ry well-known tree,
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee,

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 Oh visit thou my soothing dream!

E P I.

E P I T A P H

ON
Miss STANLEY.

HERE, STANLEY, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.

Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,

And sternly try thee with a year of pain :

No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,

Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief :

With tender art, to save her anxious groan,

No more thy bosom presses down its own :

Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :

Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm ;

To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;

To show us artless Reason's moral reign,

What boastful science arrogates in vain ;

Th' obedient passions knowing each their part ;

Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes,

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
 Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :
 'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
 Blest be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
 Where death-divided friends shall part no more :
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.



To the Reverend

Mr. MURDOCH,

Rector of *Stradishal* in *Suffolk*.

THU S safely low, my friend, thou can'st not
fall :

Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all :
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;
Men, woods and fields, all breathe untroubled life,
Then keep each passion down, however dear ;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe,
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate :
High bliss is only for a higher state.

B

A

A
P A R A P H R A S E
O N T H E

Latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of
St. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all, your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall cloath these shiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold!

Behold ! and look away your low despair——
 See the light tenants of the barren air :
 To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
 Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;
 Yet, your kind heavenly father bends his eye
 On the least wing, that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,
 To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign ;
 Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain :
 He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lilly's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race ;
 They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
 What regal vestments can with them compare !
 What king so shining ! or what queen so fair !

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads ;
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?
 Is he unwise ? or, are ye less than they ?



S O N G.

I.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to *Damon* said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly sighing, thus reply'd;
'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The slave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

S O N G.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
 In flowery tracts along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lillies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
 Oh tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd,

Not

Not her own guardian angel eyes

With chaster tenderness his care,

Not purer her own wishes rise,

Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear,

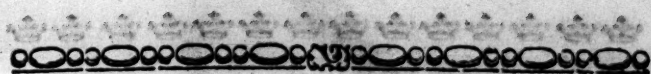
Should start at love's suspected name,

With that of friendship sooth her ear—

True love and friendship are the same,



SONG.



S O N G

S O N G.

F O R O'ER Fortune will thou prove

An unlasting foe to love.

I.

And when we meet a mutual heart.

U Nless with my *Amanda* blest,

In vain I twine the woodbine bower;

U nless to deck her sweeter breast,

In vain I rear the breathing flower:

Till youth and genial years are flown,

And all the life of life is gone.

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year;

In vain the birds around me sing;

In vain the fresh'ning fields appear:

Without my love there is no spring.

For once, O Fortune, bear my prayer,

And I absolve thy future care;

All other blessings I resign,

Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

S O N G.

S O N G.



S O N G.

FOR ever Fortune wilt thou prove

An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part:

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

S O N G.

S O N G.

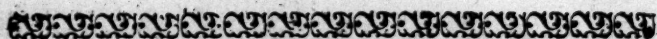
COME, gentle God of soft desire,
Come and possess my happy breast,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildness drest;

But come in friendship's angel-guise;
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart.

O come with goodness in thy train,
With peace and pleasure void of storm,
And wouldst thou me for ever gain
Put on *Amanda's* winning form.

C

O D E.



O D E.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grave,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love :

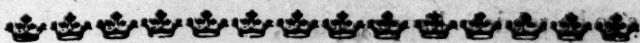
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :

I love a maid who all my bosom charms :
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds ! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare ;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care :

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame :
And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride ;
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.



TO SERAPHINA.

O D E.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
 Are like the false illusive light,
 Whose flatt'ring un auspicious blaze
 To precipices oft betrays :
 But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
 Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
 Is like the sacred Queen of night,
 Who pours a lovely gentle light
 Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest
 Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
 'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;
 But *Seraphina's* eyes dispense
 A mild and gracious influence ;
 Such as in visions angels shed
 Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.

To love thee, *Seraphina*, sure
 Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
 'Tis from low passions to escape,
 And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;
 'Tis extasy with wisdom join'd ;
 And heaven infus'd into the mind.



O D E

ON

ÆOLUS'S HARP*.

I.

Æ Thereal race, inhabitants of air,
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
 Ye unseen beings to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or me't in love.

* *Æolus's Harp*, is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. *Oswald*; its properties are fully described in the *Castle of Indolence*.

II.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid;
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
 Or he the sacred Bard †; who sat alone,
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the song which *Zion's* children sung,
 When by *Euphrates'* stream they made their plaint;
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to sooth a dying faint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
 Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

† *Jeremiah.*

IV.

Let me, ye wand'ring spirits of the wind,
 Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For 'till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.



H Y M N

ON

S O L I T U D E.

HA I L, mildly pleasing solitude,
 Companion of the wise, and good;
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
 Which innocence, and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please,
 Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
 A lone philosopher you seem;
 Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
 And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
 A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
 And warble forth your oaten strain.
 A lover now, with all the grace
 Of that sweet passion in your face:
 Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
 The gentle-looking HARFORD's bloom,
 As, with her MUSIDORA, she,
 (Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,
 Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
 And while Meridian fervours beat,
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landscape swims away,
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
 And that best hour of musing thine.

Descend-

Descending angels blest thy train,
 The Virtues of the sage, and swain;
 Plain Innocence in white array'd,
 Before thee lifts her fearless head:
 Religion's beams around thee shine,
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine;
 About thee sports sweet Liberty;
 And rapt *Urania* sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
 And in thy deep recesses dwell;
 Perhaps from *Norwood's* oak-clad hill,
 When meditation has her fill,
 I just may cast my careless eyes
 Where *London's* spiry turrets rise,
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
 Then shield me in the woods again.

NO 5 58

F I N I S

